although I didn't intend to stick there all my mia's parents regarded it even more pessimistically. Lavinia's father said I was extravagant. He based his assertion on the we bank balance which represented my savings for ten years. He was correct. Lavimother had had far more ambitious \$50 a year allowance for dresses and icecream sodas alone. But Lavinia and I had worked our a novel theory. It was this; that where love is, a simple salad can take the place of triglies, and clear water of Pommery Sec.

We were very sensible and economical. The wedding journey cost me \$200. Then we took a modest house for \$000 in a suburb that was something more than a roosting place. The himishing of the house didn't concern us at sil. Lavinia's parents and a sort of fairy aunt she had in Chicago attended to that as a wedding present. One of the first things I did was take out an endowment life-insurance policy for \$5 000, which showed plainly that I realized my responsibilities. But it didn't take us long to prove that our ideal of a happy, simple, frugal existence was a wholly practical one. We occasionally entertained our friends in a thet way, and dressed, if economically, at ivilized beings. We went to the theatre when the spirit moved, and the following summer spent my two weeks' vacation at a moderate priced hotel (\$40 a week for two) he mountains.

I have the expense account of that year stick away somewhere in this desk now. Here is-an eloquent witness for love and a dish of boths versus riches. House rent. \$600; two servants, \$390; market, \$470; grocer, \$380; coal and gas. \$116; milk and ice. \$65; Lavinia's hes, \$265; my clothes, \$200; life insurance, en incidentals, including luncheons, vacation, car fares, &c., \$375. Total, \$2,991.

course, to accomplish such results called for courage and economy and affection, but when the year was out we decided that the game was quite worth the candle. It had given us that confidence that comes of looking ne's circumstances squarely in the face and making the best of them. We felt that as time went on we should look back on that struggling year with increasing pleasure. True, we hadn't put anything in the bank, but the \$130 for insurance could really be counted as money saved, since we were to get the greater part of it back with compound interest at the nd of twenty years. And the \$200 that renained on deposit after our wedding trip was intact. We had a use mapped out for this onnection with an arrival that was exed at our house early in the following year, he meantime we were prepared to have my none meantime we were prepared to have my company express its increased appreciation of my services. So we went in town and dired on the 10 that remained out of the \$3,000."

That wasn't so very bad," said the young man from a suburb of Paradise, "and I suppose things were different the second year."

man from a suburb of Paradise, "and I suppose things were different the second year."
Yes, said the genial philosopher, "things were different the second year. Our first year ended in October. Toward the end of November our manager called me into his private office-just as I had expected. Our company the general manager told me, had finally soid out to the trust, and there was to be a general shake-up in the office. But the company had thought so highly of me that they had taken pains to provide for me under the new ferme, as well as they could. In short the trust management put me on city accounts—at a salary of \$1,800 a year. Lavinia's and my cootions at this point are not part of the narraa salary of \$1,900 a year. Lavinia's and my emotions at this point are not part of the narrative. The essential thing is that we gave up our modest house and moved into a modest \$35, six-room flat, in town -'for the winter', Lavinia explained to our friends, with a vague signation of all sorts of winter gayeties. In a small flat two servants are a supererogation. We learned other interesting facts. For instance, that three vegetables at dinner are not absolute that three vegetables at dinner are not absolute.

we learned other interesting facts. For instance, that these vesetables at dinner are not absolutely necessary to sustain life, and that beer is more fattening than claret.

The fermary Eugenia Margaret made her infee-Eugenia, after Lavinia's aunt in Chicago. Margaret for use. Admiring grandmothers, aunts, cousins, &c., supplied Eugenia Margaret's complicated wardrobe, but indedutally Eugenia Margaret made an aching yold in the \$200 in the bank. Lavinia, of course, went out little that winter, and we both found that we were overeneumbered with clothes. Lavinia showed her friends her flat, including her economical and delightful gas range, and said it was great fun. The following summer we spent our vacation as boarders on a farmer Eugenia Margaret's sake. Here is the account for that year Flat, \$420; servant, \$152, butcher, \$310; grocer, \$270; \$38, \$90, dootor and nurse. \$225; incidentals connected with Eugenia Margaret, \$85; milk, including 'modified,' \$55; ice, \$30; Lavinia's clothes, \$90; my clothes, \$75; life Insurance, cling 'modified.' \$55; ice, \$30; Lavinia's see, \$90; my clothes, \$75; life insurance, general incidentals, \$255. Total, \$2,197. Iv income this year was \$250 a month for months, and \$150 a month for ten months, his I added the \$200 in bank. Total, \$2,200, left a \$3 surplus that I didn't know what o with But after serious discussion we led to found a sinking fund to send Eugenia aget to Vassar."

the environs of Paradise, "but it's what a man can do when he has loss you struck something later?"
did strike something, "asse=ted the I did strike something," assez ted the philosopher. "Properly speaking. I all sorts of things. The first thing was a notice from the trust that my dervices wouldn't be required after to the year. It was quite a loke laughed when I told her. A little moved. We found another modest trooms, \$25, in a wholly respectable trooms, \$25, in a wholly respectable whood. Our maid was unable to stand ok, and left us, and we got another fresh, artiess creature newly arrived waden, whom Lavinia proceeded to Lavina said afterward that as a matnistruction she preferred seals or ele-

is business went to smash and ortune with it, and he did no misfortune. Lavinia's mother sfortune. Lavinia's mother her sister in Chicago. Mean-d a large corporation in need with her sister in Chicago. Meanoffind a large corporation in need
manager. Late in January I
I found a newspaper with
vacancy. I forgot to say that
is I had made occasional contributut literature as a nastime, and
paper had published divers
uctions. The reportorial salary
to This for a green man I learned
I was lucky that it wasn't \$15.
we accented \$15. Looking for a
v is not pleasant.

t pleasant.
low Lavinia learned that
of steaks, roasts and chops in January is not pleasant, don't know how Lavinia learned that accessive eating of steaks, roasts and chons of the bring on gout. We had no gout in family. We varied our diet too extinct with such delicious and healthful as as trine, liver, satisage, corned beef, fish, beef and mutton stew. It is also generally known that for an occasional it no other part of the beef has the beefy fascinating flavor of the back of the rump, see are only a few samples of the discoveries made in all sorts of directions. I may however, that it's a fine custom for young ble about to be married to lav in extensive isseaux. They often need them later, and Margaret grew apace. She was are healthy child. Perhaps she fell; ti neumit on nerself to be so. Lavinia didn't it home cards to her friends this year, said she was afraid they would try to bormonew. Here is the year's expense account: \$300 servant, \$130 locations, \$500 my thes, \$500 lee and milk, \$544 doctor, \$100 insurance, \$130 incidentals, \$150. Total.

My income was \$150 a month for two months.

income was \$150 a month for two months, tonth of independence, and nine months A week. Grand total, \$1,294.97. Carry sar sinking fund. 97 cents."

Course your luck had to change sooner

ENOUGH TO BE MARRIED ON.

THE AMOUNT A VARIABLE ONE, DEPAINING ON THE POINT OF VIEW.

That One Man and His Young Wife Bidder Cate His Own Experiences as a Guide The Adaptability to Circumstances. The Adaptability to Circumstances That is Taught by Stern Necessity.

What's worrying me," said the young man who spent his one will be a story.

The amount of the can I've even good a year.

I can answer that question," replied the genial philosopher. "He can. I've even beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents beard it estimated as low as \$1.50. Fifty cents of the license and a dollar for the ring. I don't suppose he would wish to omit the ring."

That's very well, said the young man, said the young man, state of opinion Perhaps I can said the resident of Paradise with smarment. The properties of the story.

No," assented the genial philosopher, "it is in tiquite all of the story. But perhaps I can said the resident of Paradise with smarment." Did you manage to get along?

"Woll, that," replied the genial philosopher, "it is a matter of opinion. Perhaps you would better hear the whole story. In some respects it is not uninstructive. I was 28 and assistant local manager of our company, lavinia 2. The \$3.000 seemed small enough, lavinia 2 The \$3.000 seemed small enough, lavinia 2 The \$3.000 seemed small enough, lavinia 2

roni and cheese, that millions of the earth's inhabitants subsist on rice, and offer incense to their gods.

"It was about this time that the possibilities of amassing wealth rapidly from the pursuit of literature impressed themselves upon us. So in the intervals of searching for another business connection. I produced chefs d'œuvre which I offered for sale, and occasionally soid, to the newspapers and the newspaper syndicates. A little later I stumbled upon a small job collecting bills, which netted me \$20 a month.

"It is not necessary to go into too many details. There were times when it was not pleasant to see Lavinia's hands rough from dishwashing and housework. And there were days, after Eugenia Margaret had been put to bed, when Lavinia's face was somewhat white and her eyes looked tired, as though a winter in the south of France would do her good, or even a month's spree, with carefully ordered dinners, at our choice of New York's hotels. As it was, Lavinia's only excitement was lying awake nights fearing that she might have to go to the dentist's.

"One day Lavinia went out to the suburb that was something more than a roosting place, and stood on the sidewalk in front of the modest \$600 house. When she got home she said it had looked as though nice people lived there, and as though they were comfortable, even if struggling on \$3.000 a year.

"Here is our expense account for that year: Flat, \$246; butcher, \$114, grocer, \$87; doctor, \$20; dentist, \$18; gas, \$61; Lavinia's clothes, \$40 my clothes, \$35; Eugenia Margaret's clothes, \$40 my cloth

\$40; my clothes, \$35; Eugenia Margaret's clothes, \$20; milk and ice. \$39; servant. \$9; incidentals, \$55. Total, \$744.

"Eugenia Margaret's wardrobe still continued to be supplied largely by admiring relatives. You will notice that the item of insurance is omitted altogether from this account. I found that I was entitled to some two or three years of extended insurance without the payment of premiums. The modern life insurance policy is a noble institution. My income this year was \$200 from bill collecting and \$546 from elegant literature. Total, \$746. Vassarfund, \$2.

Toward the end of the year I came home and handed Lavinia a check—a very respectable check—from the courteous and intelligent editor of a magazine. The unbroken battalions in Lavinia's eyes presented arms. The rest was a simple matter. Lavinia had worked it all out. She had been reading about literary men living on farms. We would go into the country where one could get milk at four cents a quart and have chickens and proceed to make rideuious the pomp of emperors.

The geniai philosopher paused again for a long time.

"What happened then?" asked the young.

time. "What happened then?" asked the young man from Paradise. "Did you go into the country?" "No," said the genial philosopher. "A week later we were overtaken by a sad misfortune."
"Good Lord!" said the young man, turning pale, "what do you call misfortune?
"It was that aunt of Lavinia's whom I've mentioned several times in the course of this narrative," explained the genial philosopher, "the wealthy aunt in Chicago. She was very fond of Lavinia and Lavinia was very fond of her. Well, this aunt of Lavinia's died—quite unexpectedly. She had made Lavinia and Eugenia Margaret her heirs."
The genial philosopher paused again in sober thought. The young man from Paradise was thoughtful also.
"It almost seems," he said finally, "that if you're reasonably certain of your \$3,000 a year there's no use in delay."
There was a ring in the voice of the young said the genial philosopher. "A week

there's no use in delay."

There was a ring in the voice of the young man from Paradise.

# WORK AT THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE.

The catalogue of the Teachers' College shows that several departments have been much strengthened this year and that there are fifty courses, double the number for the year 1898 soo. Throughout all the different branches of the work in the year just closed, much en-thusiasm has been shown. The endeavor of those at the head of the college is to make practice follow theory in every particular. In domestic science this method has been particularly interesting. The student cooks before they are graduated learn how to do everything about a kitchen in the most approved fashion. The work is quite techinical, and goes into details of exact food chemistry, more fully than s necessary for a working knowledge of cooking. The courses offered by Pratt Institute are less technical and more popular, while those of the Teachers' College are intended for students who will teach cooking, or have charge of diet

where thorough knowledge of the subject is called for. The visits of inspection made by the various The visits of inspection made by the various departments this year have been a valuable contribution to the work they were doing. The domestic science students have visited flour mills, cracker factories, and all sorts of other food manufactories. They have inspected dairies and model farms. They have had lectures from butchers, and have even examined the construction of agateware in

kitchens, or be placed in some other post

had lectures from the construction of agateware in all its processes.

But the students in domestic art have been just as much favored. They have heard lectures on fabrics and have seen them manufactured. They have visited worsted works and tapestry mills, until they feel that if they do not know a great deal about domestic art, historically, theoretically and practically, it is the fault of their own ears and eves.

practically, it is the fault of their own ears and eyes.

The students in natural science have also taken many crips this spring in which pleasure and profit were combined. They have made one long excursion to Lake Mohonk since outdoor weather began, and many short ones to nearer points, always under the direction of one of the professors, so that the physiographic features of the country are as familiar to them as cobblestones to the New Yorker.

The prize offered by the Society of Colonial Dames in the State of New York, for the best essay on a historical subject, written by a student of the college, was awarded a short time ago to Miss Esther Keagey. Her subject was "The Influence of the Clergy on Political Life in New England during the Seventeenth Century." The prize consisted of \$50 and a gold medal.

One thing which future Teachers' College

in New England during the Seventeenth Century." The prize consisted of \$50 and a gold medal.

One thing which future Teachers' College students will regret is the closing of Teachers' College Hall, where a number of students have been living with great satisfaction for the last year or two. The prices charged have been very reasonable, but the high rent made expenses so heavy that those in charge of the hall think it best to let the students live where they can in the neighborhood until the college has a dormitory of its own. Fiske Hall will receive the overflow as far as possible, and young women who wish to club together and take an apartment will be allowed to rent the furniture which has been in the hall at nominal rates.

The union with Columbia has given the Teachers' College student much wider opportunity for work than before, and intellectually the college is raising its standard constantly. Numerically, it is growing very rapidly. The large number of students has already made the great building reserved for them seem too small, and the Horace Mann School, the model school of the college, which up to this time has been under the same roof with the college, is to be and the Horace stain school, the model school of the college, which up to this time has been under the same roof with the college, is to be removed as soon as possible.

# FIRE AND A DEAF MAN.

An Artist Found a Better Way to Warn Him Than by Talking to Him.

There was a fire in a studio building untown the other day and one of the artists who discovered it started to warn the other tenants. He thought first of a deaf man upon whom no general din would have any effect, so he rushed to the deaf artist's room. Not being an adept in the sign language and aware that there was no in the sign language and aware that there was no time to be lost he simply grabbed the surprised deaf man and unceremoniously hustled him out to the hall in order that he might smell the smoke and then left him while he ran to sound a fire alarm, pounding upon other doors in the building on his way out. His device with his afflicted brother was successful, the deaf man perceived instantly the smell of the fire and took care of himself. The fire was put out without much loss, the greatest being a pet cat which was smothered.

LOVE MAKING IN VENICE. SENTIMENT INSPIRED BY GONDO

LAS AND THE GRAND CANAL. strations of the Accuracy of Howells's Description of the Influence of Venice-Dreamy Phases of the Gondola-Old Married People Affected as Well as the Young.

VENICE. May 23.-This is the greatest place Italy for glass making, lace making and love making. You may not be able to indulge in he glass or the lace. They do not give these things away over here nor sell them for a song. They arelong on songs, any way. They try to use up their stock by singing and shouting them at all hours of the day and night, especially nightbut in spite of all they can do Venice continues to be so swamped with melody that there is no market for song. Still, even if you can't buy glass and lace you can manage, with about a dollar a day over and above your ordinary expenses, to have as pretty a romance as this place which makes a specialty of romancescan produce.

The dollar-a-day requirement does not apply to the dames and damsels who thirst for a Venetian souvenir in the form of a per-sonal romance. All they need is the ability to give a fair imitation of a soulful glance backed p with a few appropriate poetical quotations. There is a livelier demand for "po'try books" n Venice than in any other European town Howells says that he has known the Grand Canal to inspire white-haired Puritan ministers to attempt to quote out of the guide book that line from Byron." He adds that he himself has drifted around in a gondola with editors who forgot to take their newspapers out of their pockets and who, instead of discussing politics. "talked some bewildered nonsense about coming back with their families next ummer.

Venice, and that means everybody who has oafed a sunny or a moonlit hour in one of her gondolas. will believe these tales of the entimental demoralization of preachers and editors. Nobody goes away scot free. People arrive, occupied chiefly with worrying about he purity of the drinking water and the danger of getting rheumatism from the canals. Before they leave they have settled the drinkingwater question by drowning their temperance scruples in sour red wine which about as intoxicating and as pleasant as vinegar. As for the rheumatism and the canals, after a few days in Venice people get to the point where they will suffer tortures before they will admit that they are earthly enoughand old enough-to have rheumatism. Twinges and terror forgot, they drift around on the Grand Canal until scandalously late hours and try to avert consequences by doses of quinine

and whiskey before tardily going to hed. Venice is about the only spot on earth-or water-where you can be reasonably sure of having that rare combination, "the time and the place and the loved one, all together." The conditions are perfect, and the time, whether t be day or night, is always ripe for romance As for the loved one, it is so easy for somebody anybody, to become the loved one, for the time being, when you are in Venice. It may not be the particular loved one you would have chosen before getting here, but the demands of sentiment are met. As for men talking "bewildered onsense" about coming back with their famiies next summer, that is what they doubtless lies next summer, that is what they doubtless say to the Consul (Howells was United States Consul) in the morning. In the evening, when the music and the lights and the lapping of little waves are all about one, there doesn't seem to be very much talk about families.

There doesn't seem to be much talk about anything in fact. The black boats lie close about the belanterned barge of musicians. You can scarcely make out anything except the gleam of the tall steel prows and the tiny lights, scarcely more than stars, on the forward decks of the gondoins. As the boats rise and fall with the motion of the water, these stars,

at home while the partner of his or her domestic joy comes abroad, the homestayer would better strike Venice off the traveller's itinerary. Dis-

are some temptations which it isn't in the power of human nature to withstand and Venice is one of them. Wagner arous Tristan und Isoide' here. Small wonder that it is the say greene embodiment of passion in music. If there were more Wagners and if they all came to Venice, somebody would be sure to start a crusade against opera. There would be too many second acts like that in Tristan.

The gondolis are like shadows, and everything seems so unreal that it's the easiest thing in the world to feel that Venice love making in the world to feel that Venice love making in the world to feel that Venice love making in the world to feel that Venice love making in the world to feel that Venice love making in the world to feel that Venice as if that been a dream. It thought I did so and so, he said. He is not the only one to make a dream of these days in Venice a dream which some came afterward to remember as very absurd and when others perhaps fold away in sentimental fancies, as women fold away in sentimental fancies, as women fold away mementoes in lawonder and violets.

Theref That is the way it goes and so, he fold penned and world and penned and music and sentiment. But even Mart Tunn succummed to Venice and penned and music and quoted mot one line alone poetry, but a whole half page. When a preschers and editors and professional humprish have fallen?

The entimental power of Venice is the way it takes hould of staid old martined people. You alone the most interesting phases of the entimental power of Venice is the way it takes hould of staid old martined people. You know that she blames him because she had to ride backward all the way forn Florence and you know that he told her flatly that if she had got in where he told her flatly that if she had got in where he told her flatly that if she had got in where he told her to at first she might have had a corner seat facing the engine and that she himse twen thing the professional with the shear of the martined and in her secret soul she would not be allogether sorry i

The Longest Bill Ever Passed by Congress Washington, June 7.- The bill providing a civil code for the Territory of A'aska, is the most voluminous bill ever passed by Congress. In the form in which it will be filed in the archives of the State Depart-

will be filed in the archives of the State Department the act makes 284 pages of printed parchment. For convenience in handling the sheets were not fastened together in form, as is the custom, but were divided into six parts and each of the six parts placed in a thin wooden box. Five of these coverings were each fastened with the traditional red tane, while the sixth, which contained the concluding page of the bill to which the President affixes his signature, was provided with a sliding top so that its contents could be easily removed.

. SHE PAINTS SAVAGE GLARES Expression Given by a Toung Woman

The young woman swept her tiny camel hair brush across the daub of yellow paint and smeared it over one side of the semi-globular bit of glass that was fastened to a small bracket on the table in front of her Then she leaned

back and looked upon admiringly. "How is that?" she asked. The visitor was puzzled, and frankly adlitted it. "Well," she said, "I suppose it is all right. It all depends upon what you are trying to do " The young woman with the brush was visi

bly disgusted. "My goodness," she retorted, "where are your eyes? Can't you see that this is just about perfect? Can't you detect the savage giare that piece of glass? Don't you feel as if you'd like to take to your heels and run away from t? It certainly is a savage glare," she added, ess positively. "It is meant to be one, any way. I am making an eye, a cat's eye, an eye for a cat that died in battle with his tail turned from the enemy. This brave cat has been stuffed and mounted in a most warlike pose and I must make the expression of his eye correspond with his bellicose attitude. You can't get a good idea of the effect, though, until the eye is placed in position. Just wait till I'm through and then I'll show you how it looks."

ill the eye is placed in position. Just wait till I'm through and then I'll show you how it looks."

The visitor examined the artistic production with increased interest. "What a queer line of work," she said.

"Not at all," returned the young woman with the brush. 'It is very pleasant. I work at it all the time. Painting glass eyes has become quite a remunerative field for a woman blessed with a delicate touch of the brush. It is a good thing for some of us that the glaring glass eyes of a former generation are out of fashion. No first-class taxidermist thinks of using them now. The time was when the eye of a stuffed animal was considered of minor importance, and a ball of glass of almost any size or color and absolutely devoid of expression was fastened into the socket and the work was pronounced complete. But all that is happily changed. To-day the eye, instead of being regarded as the least important factor in obtaining a lifelike appearance in a dead animal, is recognized as a valuable medium for conveying an impression of intelligence and action, and much attention is bestowed upon artistic eyes.

"It requires a good deal of study to determine just what expression of the eye will cormine just what expression of the eye will cor-

anima, is recognized as a valuable medium for conveying an impression of intelligence and action, and much attention is bestowed upon artistic eyes.

"It requires a good deal of study to determine just what expression of the eye will correspond with the attitude decided upon. Then the size and color of an animal's eyes vary with different emotions. Take this cat I am working on now, for instance, There is a direct relation between the twist of the tip of his tail and the contraction or expansion of the pupil of his eye, and it is my business to find out what that relation is and work along those lines. In order to fit myself for a competent painter of animals' eyes I have found it necessary to become the intimate friend of a whole menagerie, from an elephant down to a trained toad. I have painted the eyes of some of the most valuable animals that have been mounted in this country in the past five years, and I may confidently say that I am an expert in my line. After I get my eyes painted I always like to superintend their insertion into the head, for the painting alone does not give the desired effect, by any means. So much depends upon the length of the lashes, the droop of the lids and the angle of vision that I am never satisfied unless I have put on the finishing touches myself.

"Of all eyes I like best to paint those of the deer family. There is a wistful, haunted, pathetic look in the eyes of that tribe that touches my heart in a tender spot and I flatter myself that I do my eleverest, most sympathetic look in the eyes of that tribe that dotten me have decidedly original ideas as to position and the expression of the face. These ideas are not always artistic, or even sensible, and in obeying directions I frequently have to commit flagrant outrages against good taste and natural history. Take the case of a woman over on the West Side whose dog died a little while ago, as an example. First, she selected the attitude in which she wanted the little beast preserved and then she turned her attention to his eye

the little beast preserved and then she taked her attention to his eyes.

'I want him to have blue eyes,' she said.
'A real deep sky blue. I have always been very fond of Benny, but I didn't like his brown eyes. I should have been so much better satisfied if they had been blue, and now that he is dend I am going to make him over to suit myself. Blue eyes I want and blue eyes I myself. Blue eyes I want and blue eyes I am going to have.

'This decoration of the little cur's head with cerulean orbs was a shame that cried clear to heaven for redress, but the woman was not open to conviction and I had to trim him up in accordance with her desires. The effect was hideous, but—I have to live."

Here the woman with the paint brush gave another swipe at the vellow eye in the bracket.

"Thank goodness," she said, "that's done. Now we will go down and fit them in."

## MARY O'GRADY AND THE CENSUS MAN. Divvie a Wan Did She Ever Hear Ask Sich

to count the people of East Orange, N. J., is above all things an amiable man. He strives to please and is pained when others suffer. He felt that a heavy trial was about to be laid upon him yesterday afternoon when he confronted a robust, mature person who had kindly consented to act temporarily as maid of all work for a family in Mulford street.

"Mary," said the mistress of the house, who was sitting on the front porch, "this is the census man. He wants to ask you a few ques-

gave her flery tresses a menancing toss and fixed the census man with a look of defiance. She responded with reasonable promptness the questions as to her name and birthplace and the names and birthplaces of her parents Then the census man knew it was time to brace himself. He grasped the piazza rail firmly as he asked:

"How old are you?" All the wrath that lay so close to the surface blazed fourth instantly. 'Sure, 'n I'd like to know what busines that is o' yours. How old am I? Th' impidince! Fer two pins Id---"

"Mary! Mary!" interposed the woman of he house. "You don't understand. This man taking the census. You must answer him or you may be sent to jail. Now tell him how old you are." "Oh, well, if ye must know ye kin put me

down fer 23." The census man, who is a good Methodist breathed a prayer for the ungodly and set

breathed a prayer for the ungodly and set down the lie that was to endure as long as the census should stand.

"Married or single?"

There were further signs of agitation among the unruly auburn locks, but the goaded spinster managed to restrain her inclination to do personal violence as she snapped out:

"Single, of course. I'd like to see the man that could make me anything else."

"So should I," responded the census man, eager to fail in with her views. "Are you a maiden or......" maiden or "Am I maiden?" she screamed. "Am I a maiden? Look here, young man, I'll stand no more of this." She was advancing upon him with full inent to avenge her heaped-up wrongs, but he elued her and pleaded for an opportunity

tent to avenge her heaped-up wrongs, but the elued her and pleaded for an opportunity to explain.

"Don't mistake my meaning. Don't think I intended anything wrong," he gasped, importingly. "I wouldn't insult a lady, indeed I wouldn't. I was just going to ask were you a maiden or a widow."

"Well, why didn't ye say so, then?" said the woman, now somewhat appeased. "I sh'd think ye could judge fer yerself. Of course, I'm not a widow."

"Now, as to your employment; are you generally bussy?"

"Busy? Well, I guess if ye'll come in 'most any time o' day ye'll find me so."

The census man, deeming it best not to elucidate his meaning, shut up his book and made his escape. Mary O'Grady guzed at him intently till he disappeared in the next house. Then turning with a snort, she started for her pots and pans. Then turning with a short, she started for her pots and pans.

"Th' nerve of th' divide!" she exclaimed.
"I never heard any one but a doctor ask sich questions. It's a wonder he didn't want to take me pulse and temperature."

TROLLEY CAR RACES ON PARK ROW. On Sanday Afternoons the Coast Is Clear and Motormen Have Fun.

Ever since the Fourth Avenue underground trolley road extended its tracks on Park row from Centre street down to the Post Office pedestrians on Sunday afternoons who happen to be in the neighborhood of the City Hall sometimes witness short and spirited races sometimes witness short and spirited races between the trolley cars on that road and those on the Third Avenue line. The motormen usually stop the cars in front of the Register's office to allow passenaers to get off. Often they stop on even terms and when they do challenges are quickly issued for a race. Park row being clear of wagon traffic on Sundays, the challenges are quickly accepted. The motormen put on the full current and off they fly at top speed. The Fourth Avenue cars generally come out ahead, beating their rivals by from one to two yards.

LINCOLN BRIDED HER EVER THE HAIR QUESTION. How Namey Scott, a Ennaway Slave, Foun

ncreasing at an alarming rate among the Amer

can people. The public appreciates the situa-

tion and is making a mighty effort to save its

nair; but the logical result of a round of visits

to hair and scalp specialists would be the utter

discouragement of the patient and his melan-

choly determination to grow bald without

struggle. One should go to a specialist, put

oneself in his hands and believe in him with

a mighty faith. The victim will at least have

peace of mind. He wont have that if he begin

The old-fashioned scalp doctor wasn't an

skin, which is extremely sensitive. Wire hair-

pins and scarf hatpins have had the same effect

and have started disease centres. Unclean

brushes, combs, &c., have transmitted disease germs of various forms. The leather hat band

s a great purveyor of bacteria, too. Altogether

he cohorts of baldness seem to be lying in wait

for unhappy mortality on every side, and it's

a brave man who successfully and persistently

A New York scalp specialist who has devoted

has won the attention of the medical world by

is original experiments and discoveries says

that all successful scalp treatment in the fut-

ure must be based on the recognition of the microbe theory. The microbe which attacks

the hair follicles is, under the microscope of

this specialist, an exceedingly ugly beast, and

his reproductive powers are, so says the doctor,

nothing short of marvellous. When a man who

as been laboring under the impression that he

and a mild case of dandruff sees this beast, and

is told that it is rioting in hundreds through his locks, his first impression is that the only decent thing for him to do is to cremate himself; but he mustn't mind a few hundred microbes. They can be routed.

musta't mind a few hundred microbes. They can be routed.

"Catarrhal inflammation of the hair follicles," said the specialist to a SUN reporter, "is the most common of scalp diseases. Nine-tenths of the premature baldness is due to it, and gray is usually a result of it. There's no doubt that it is due to a microbe which attacks the sebaceous glands. This causes dandruff and itching. Then the hair begins to fall out, and that shows that the microbe has left the sebaceous glands and has burrowed into the hair follicle. There it causes inflammation and loosens the hair round goes on to another follicle. Meanwhile it raises an army of children and they all go to work in the same, way. The wrecked follicles

fungus growth, and even when new hair sprouts it is poorly nourished and diseased. All the other scalp diseases are more or less along the same line and due to parasitic or microble artack. Now, you can see that the old-time treatment was more that useless."

The tried four different specialists and each one said, the last treatment was no good, "said the reporter sadly."

Exactly. I'll bet I can write you out a formula that will pretty nearly hit the tonics they tried for your hair. There was cantharides in all of them."

"Yes."

The doctor mopped his forehead excitedly.

making general inquiries.

unclean!"

dodges them.

SCIENCE PERRETS OUT THE MICRORE THAT CAUSES RALDNESS. This Lively Enemy Fairly Revels in the No

The death at the Rhode Island State Institu tion for the Insane of Nancy Scott, aged 70 years, which occurred during the last week of trums That Are Sold for Restoring the Hair-He Feeds on Them and He Multi-May, brings to memory a story of Abraham There is no denying the fact that baldness i

Way back in slavery days Nancy Scott and her husband were slaves on a Virginia plantation owned by one of the prominent and wealthy F. F. V.'s of the commonwealth. Nancy was the trusted housekeeper of the family. While young she was married to a young slave on the same plantation. Her marriage occurred about the beginning of the Civil War, and after the first few months of fighting her husband dis closed to her his intention of running away and working his way North, seeking a means of ivelihood; he hade her remain where she was until he could communicate with her and said that when he became established where he was sure of supporting her he would send for her to go to him.

appalling individual, but recently there have arisen a host of scalp and hair specialists who are so scientific that they make whatone came to Nancy's arms. When the baby was a year old Nancy decided to try and escape They don't rub quinine into one's scalp and travel North, hoping to hear some news of and travel North, noping to hear some news of her baby's father. She left her cabin one night at nearly dawn, carrying her little one in her arms, and passed slowly across the country which was the fighting arena of more battles than any other territory in the South. She was trying to make her way to the Potomac River, and there, at some obscure landing, take a boat for Washington. Such a place she reached one hot day. When the boat arrived she went aboard, keeping as much out of the way of the passengers as she could. There was a group of men seated on the quarterdeck. Among them one whose lean, gaunt figure and dark, seamy face somewhat attracted her notice. When the boat neared Washington she left her place below among the freight and timidly went up to the gangway. The steamer had arrived at her dock and the passengers were leaving, but the group in which the dark, rugged man was seated had not yet dispersed.

Nancy Scott went forward toward the gangplank, but before she had reached it the purser stepped forward, and said harshly.

Here, you, woman, where are you going? Where's your ticket?

Paralyzed with fear she hesitated.

You're a runaway nigger, and you can't go ashore; you go below and we'll see about you later.

But the dark, seamy-faced man, with the or massage one's head with vaseline or her baby's father. She left her cabin one tell one to give the hair 100 strokes three times a day with a stiff brush and stop hampooing it. Not they. They have chartcovered with vivid pictures of what appear to be cuttle fish and sea serpents and soft shell crabs hanging upon their walls, and they get out large microscopes with which to examine the patient's scalp and hair, and they assure him that he has fungi and microbes and vegetable spores clinging to his hair. Then they point out different ones among the cuttle fish and sea serpents and tell him that those are the particular styles of bacteria he affects. and when he goes away he feels unfit for decent ociety and refrains with difficulty from fleeing rom his fellow men and shouting "unclean

trifle portentous, there is a hope that now when renuine scientific knowledge and experience s being brought to bear upon the hair problem But the dark, seamy-faced man, with the the onrushing tide of baldness may be stopped The causes of the increasing baldness are incident to civilization, and chief and foremost among them are a diseased condition

inter."

But the dark, seamy-faced man, with the tired eyes, came up then and said quietly:
"What is the matter?"

The tears streamed down Nancy Scott's face as she said she only wanted to go ashore: that she was searching for her husband, her little one's father.

"Teil me your story," said the dark man.
In simple words she told him of her separation from her husband, the birth of her child, her weeks of weary waiting, and the eyes of the dark man grew soft with pity.

Turning to the purser he said: "Let this woman go ashore," Then taking her by the arm he waited by her side until the street was reached. Giving her some money he told her to find some decent colored family and make inquiries for her missing husband.

"Teil me your name, sir?" begged Nancy Scott. of nerves and circulation and excessive hat wearing. Innumerable other details help along the work. Frequent shampooing with alkali soap or with borax or some other drying and njurious preparation has done great harm. So has the average hair tonic. Sharp-toothed combs and excessively stiff brushes have broken the scarf skin and caused nflammation and disease of the under or real

Scott.
"My name, my good woman, is plain Abraham Lincoln," said the man, and turning away, he lifted his hat "just like I was a grand lady," and left, her.

left her.

Nancy Scott, with the help of the pastor of a church for colored people, found her husband; he had vainly tried to communicate with her many times, he had not dared to go in search of her. He was employed in a hotel and able to care for his little family comfortably.

Later he died, and Nancy found employment with the family of a Treasury clerk, with whose family she came North. twenty years to close study of his subject and

### SHE MEANT TO CURE HIM. A Motherly Landiady's Unnecessary Solicitude Over a Favorite Boarder.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat "A week ago," said a New Orleans physician he other evening. "I felt convinced that I had stumbled across one of the biggest sensations of the day. Since then the case has developed in an entirely unanticipated direction, but all the same it makes a pretty good story. I'll

tell it to you in a few words. "One of my patients is a bachelor busines man who has been lodging for a number of years in a quiet old mansion not a great distance from Lee Circle. His landlady is a delightful, motherly old creature who has learned to take as much interest in him as if he was her own son, and altogether he is very comfortably fixed. About three weeks ago he came to me ooking decidedly ill and complained of a singular stomach disturbance. He said that a distressing feeling of nausea set in every morning, accompanied by a severe headache. It would wear off gradually during the day, and he would go to bed feeling first class, but next morning the same thing would be repeated. I knew him to be a man of temperate habits and was a little surprised. Still I attached no great importance to the matter, and dismissed him with some simple remedy. In five or six days he came back looking much worse, and told the same story, declaring that he couldn't eat and was rapidly losing strength. Then I took up the matter seriously, made close inquiry into his diet and so on, and, to be frank. I immediately suspected poisoning. He told me the first thing he did on awakening was to drink a cup of coffee, prepared by his old landlady herself, and I offended him greatly by asking him to quietly pour the contents of the cup into a bottle next morning and bring it to me. Why, you don't think—he began, bristling up. 'Keep cool,' said I; 'I think there may be something wrong with the coffee pot that's all. Bring me the bottle, and say nothing to anybody.

"Next day he came around with the coffee," continued the doctor, "and admitted that for would wear off gradually during the day, and

they fried for your hair. There was cannarides in all of them."

"Yes."

The doctor mopped his forehead excitedly. "What on earth gave cantharides its reputation in hair tonics is more than I know. It is a tradition of a century and it's all nonsense. It cuts into the scarf skin and causes inflammation, and it's made out of a dead bug, anyway, so it furnishes exactly the element of decomposition that scaln microbes thrive on. Its use on the scale ought to be forbidden by law.

"There was probably borax in your prescriptions, too. That was to eat all the oil and life out of your hair, and quinine was with it for no purpose at all; it has absolutely no tonic effect on hair, and then they added a little bay rum to squelch any signs of life the borax left. You had that mixed into your head and it's a wonder you've any hair left."

"One specialist rubbed plain vaseline into my scalp," said the reporter meekly. The doctor's face expressed unutterable disgust and fatigue.

"Well, that's good microbe food. I wish I could show you the effect upon perfectly healthy hair of keeping it in vaseline for two days. Come down some time next week and I'll show it to you. The vaseline treatment doesn't do a thing toward eradicating the cause of the disease or establishing a permanent cure."

"What is one to do?" "Next day he came around with the coffee," continued the doctor, "and admitted that for once he had missed his regular attack of nausea. I made a chemical analysis of the stuff and found a considerable quantity of a familiar drug, harmless enough as an occasional medicine, but certain to produce the gravest gastric disturbances if persisted in. While I half expected something of the kind. I was deenly shocked and don't mind admitting I was also considerably excited. The drug could not possibly have gotten into the coffee by accident, and as no one else about the house had suffered, it looked very much like a deliberate roisoning plot against my patient. He himself was so horrified and upset that he was simply incapable of giving sane advice, and I was forced to take the matter into my own hands. The upshot of it was that I put on my hat and went around to have a guarded talk with the landlady. I knew her only slightly and she looked greatly surprised when I asked to see her alone.

"Mrs.——'I said, without any preface, who makes Mr.——'s morning coffee?"

"When I asked that question I thought the old lady would faint. Her face went as white as paper and her hands began to tremble so violently she could hardly control them.

"I make it myself, doctor, she managed to reply."

"What do you put in it besides coffee?' I asked.

"She looked at me appealingly and burst into

"What is one to do?"

"That would be telling you all that I've worked vears to find out; but you see I've given you the basis on which to start a solution of the problem. The microbes must in some way be exterminated, and the follicles put in healthy condition before a strong, healthy growth of hair is possible. I don't mind telling you some of the important things about the care of the hair. hair is possible. I don't mind telling you some of the important things about the care of the hair.

"The thing I'd like to impress upon the public is the vital importance of clean hair brushes. The condition of the average hair brush is simply disgraceful and makes it a perfect mass of infection. The brush should be washed every week and washing isn't enough. It should be thoroughly sterilized at least twice a month. All hair does not need much brushing, and the kind of brush required depends upon the peculiarities of the scalp. A stiff brush is necessary for some heads and fattal to others, and one's brush should really be rescribed by a competent specialist. Then, the comb should be a different thing from the ordinary affair. It should be coarse. A fine comb is all wrong. The teeth should round both on the sides and the ends so that it will gilde smoothly through the hair, and there shouldn't be any corners between the teeth. "The hair doesn't need washing more than once a month, except in unusual cases, and to reply.

"What do you put in it besides coffee?' I asked.

"She looked at me appealingly and burst into tears. Then the whole, absurd, pitful story came out. The dear old lady is a prohibition famatic, and in some way—the Lord only knows how—she conceived the idea that her lodger was gradually going to the dogs through strong drink. As a matter of fact, he is a man who drinks very, very moderately and was never drunk in his life—it doesn't happen to be his weak spot. But she felt certain, she said, that the habit 'would grow,' and when one of her old lady friends told her in strict confidence of a preparation which would 'destroy the craving,' and could be administered in secret in coffee, she decided it was her duty to give it a trial. The rest you know. She told me this between sobs, and I relieved her greatly by bursting into a roar of laughter. It was really too funny. At the same time it had its serious side, and when I explained the risk she had been running she was as badly frightened as she ever will be.
"My patient was furious at the outset, but he realized on reflection that the act had been prompted by the kindliest solicitude, and he was generous enough to treat it as a joke. One thing is certain, however, he will get undoped coffee in future."

## INJUSTICE TO AMERICANS. Nicaraguan Officials Oppressing Qur Citizens

at Bluefields With Customs Rates. NEW ORLEANS, La . June 7. - More trouble i

shouldn't be any corners between the feeth once a month, except in unusual cases, and then no alkali should be used on it. All hats should be well ventilated and worn as little as possible. If we went bareheaded there would be no baldness. You never heard of a bald Indian. Heat and moisture are absolutely essential to the development of the microbes, and the modern hat furnishes both of them. I've experimented on animals—inoculated them with the microbes and kept them in a warm moist atmosphere. The microbes spread like fire and attacked the hair ravenously, but when the animals were put in dry cool air, the microbes didn't live.

"Women keep their hair better than men. In the first place there's more of it and their scalps are better protected, but they wear their hairs so much less than men, and the hats when they are worn do not fit the head so tightly and create such a heat and moisture, generating and create such a heat and moisture, generating eported from Nicaragua between the Amerscalps are better protected but they wear their hats so much less than men, and the hats when they are worn do not fit the head so tightly and create such a heat and moisture, generating roison, as the man's hat does. A leather hathand should be changed frequently. It gets dirty and decomposition of leather is a wonderful microbe promotor.

"Decay of animal fibre is responsible for these microbes. Experiment has proved that men working with leather and fur have more scalp trouble than any other class. Silk factories are hard on the scalp, too. There has been a popular belief that baldness was hereditary. Patients have a way of saying: 'Ohi truns in our family. My father was bald early and my mother's hair has almost all come out. That's all nonsense. Scalp trouble isn't hereditary, but it is contagious, and it is very likely to run through a whole family. Hat pins ought to be cleaned often. So ought hairpins. Cleanliness is the great baldness preventive but when the disease has once started nothing but energetic scientific treatment will stop it. If hair specialists will only wake up and go to work on a scientific and intelligent basis this increasing baldness can be checked, but the man or woman who owns the hair must help in the work and exercise a little rational common-sense." can merchant of Bluefleids, who control the trade of the Atlantic coast and the Nicaraguan authorities, who, it is charged, are utilizing the local customs and port regulations to destroy the business of the Americans, whom they regard with dislike as being unfriendly. The duties have been advanced so as to become almost prohibitive, being \$16.50 on a gailon of whiskey and \$1.50 on an iron bedstead valued at \$16. The new tariff has had the effect of preventing imports from the United States and the Bluefields custom house has \$60,000 worth of goods piled up in it, upon which the American merchants say they cannot pay duty.

The United Fruit Company (American), which controls the fruit trade of the country, is also suffering from this hostility, regulations being enforced which prevent the shipment of fruit except under great delays and hardshirs. So great is the inconvenience and loss to which Americans have been subjected in and around Bluefields, that the American merchans and business men of that region have induced Mr. Sorsly, United States Consul at Bluefields, to go to Washington and lay their complaints before the Secretary of State, in the hope that he will take some action. have been advanced so as to become almost

PUZZLED THE CENSUS MAN.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S STRUGGLE TO FILL OUT THE SCHEDULE.

Questions of Feminine Color, Age and Profession-When Women Are Charming-Advantages of the Tenement Districts From the Standpoint of the Census-Taker.

The young woman who boarded in the house was the only member of the family at home when the census man came. He had called n the morning without finding any one, and had eft several large blanks to be filled out. The young woman was wrestling with one of the clanks when the bell rang, and she greeted the nild-mannered census taker with effusion.

"You've come just in time to save my totterng reason," she said, cordially. "Hey," said the census man, who evidently

wasn't used to being treated with airy frivolity. "I've been trying to fill this thing out truthfully, and its so hard to be scrupulously truthful. Now about my color. You see I'm in a transition stage between my winter color and my summer color. My freckles aren't very bad yet; but I guess brown and lemon color would hit me off all right." She looked very serious and sadly puzzled

and the census man, whose sense of humor wasn't his strong point, hastened to explain. "Oh, you don't need to do that. I'd just call you white." he said.

"No, would you? That's good of you," she murmured, gratefully; "but there's something else that bothered me. I don't know the year of my birth.

The census man looked weary.
"Could you give a guess at your age," be asked, apologetically.
"Oh, yes, I'm 33, but I can't subtract."
"You don't look it," said the man politely.
"Well, I don't know. I may look as if I could subtract, but I'm sure I don't look as if I could divide."

divide."

"Have you got a profession, ma'am?"

"They say being charming is a woman's profession. You might put that down."

He shook his head with uncomplimentary

"Don't you do anything else?"
"Oh, I paint poor pictures between times,"
he admitted

she admitted
"Are you single, ma'am?"
"Do you suppose I'd make a profession of
being charming if I weren't single?"
He admitted the force of the logic.
"Now about the lady of the house, miss?"
"She's out."
"Yes, but you can tell me all I have to know."
"She's awfully white; but I don't know how
old she is."

"She's awfully white; but I don't know how old she is."
"Can't you guess?"
"Oh, yes, I can guess. Thirty-flye's a good respectable uncompromising sort of an age. Call her 35."

Call her 35.

"Where was she born?"

"I don't know. She's lived in Washington and Denver and Boston and Columbus. Ohio. and Jersey City. You can take your choice."

"You don't know in which of them she was born?"

born?"
"No. I know where she'd rather have been born than anywhere else."
"Where?" The census man cheered up. "Where?"
"Virginia. She just pointedly does adore "All right. I'll put her down in Virginia."
"That'll be a real comfort to her," said the

"That'll be a real comfort to her," said the boarder.

"What's your servant's name?"

"Her first name's Norah."

"Don't you know the last?"

"No. and she's gone out. What do you think her name ought to be after Norah? Murphy would be all right, wouldn't it?"

"Why, yes! I guess I'll put it Murphy. I don't want to come back again, you see. I ain't making much out of my district. The families are so small."

He looked distinctly abused; and the boarder promptly apologized.

families are so small."

He looked distinctly abused; and the boarder promptly apologized.

'I'm awfully sorry there ain't more of us, she said humbly.

'Oh, it can't be helped," he sighed. "Now, my cousin, he's over in the tenement district, seventy and eighty folks in one house; and, if they ain't in, you can put them in. Folks, will believe anything about a tenement house. I told my cousin I wasn't doin' very well, that there was only private houses and furnished room places in my district; and he says. "Why, furnished rooms is a cinch. You couldn't do better except in tenements. Mix up German and irish names, he says, 'and scatter them around in those furnished rooms, and nebody can jump on you.' But they did get jumped on once, for that sort of business, and I guess I'll just get what I can on the square. There's so many maiden ladies and widows running these boarding and room places though, and they're so touchy about their ages.

'I' wish you had, 'said the boarder, with deep sympathy.

'You've been real pleasant and helpful. There ain't many that's as helpful as you.

deep sympathy.

'You've been real pleasant and helpful.
There ain't many that's as helpful as you.

'In such a good cause, I couldn't conscientiously be anything else," said the boarder, loftily. "It's a privilege to assist the Government in amassing all this valuable information." Yes," said the census man, as he closed. the door behind him

TWO STRAIGHT TIPS ON RACES. The Recipient of Them Tells Why He Is Not Hankering After any More.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat

"No. sir." said a New Orleans dentist the other day when the conversation happened to turn on sports, "no, sir, I wouldn't play a racing tip under any circumstances. I wouldn't play it if I knew it was a copper-bottomed, doubleriveted cinch and a hundred-to-one shot."

"But why wouldn't you?" asked a listener. "Have you been thrown down so bad?" "I haven't been thrown down at all," replied the dentist. "On the contrary, the only two tips I ever had in my life were both perfectly straight, but well, I'll tell you what happened to me. Personally, I don't care for racing and never go near the track, but during the winter season I did a good deal of work for horsemen and got well acquainted with several. One day a Louisville man for whom I had put in a rather difficult filling told me in an off-hand fashion to put \$5 or \$10 on a certain horse that

day a Louisville man for whom I had put in a rather difficult filling told me in an off-hand fashion to put \$5 or \$10 on a certain horse that was going to run next day. I thought it over, decided I would and decided I wouldn't, and finally didn't. The horse cume in first, twelve to one. I was so ashamed of my-self that I hadn't the face to tell the Louisville man the truth, an, when he asked me how much I had gathered in I said 'a hundred' and tharked him warmly. Later on he got broke and came around to borrow fifty. I wouldn't ask you, he said, 'but you know I put you next to winning that hundred.' What could I say? I handed him the money, and have never seen it since. That was tip No. 1.

The other tip was given me by a gambler here in town, "continued the dentist. 'I yanked out a molar that was setting him crazy and, in a burst of gratitude, he swore me to secrecy and told me to be certain to back a horse-well, call him Snow King, which comes pretty near to his name—that was to run that afternoon. I couldn't go out my-self that day, but I determined I wouldn't get left twice, so I sent for a friend, raked up \$20 and told him to go and make the bet for me. This friend of mine has a bad impediment in his speech, and late that afternoon he rushed in with a face like a funeral. 'K-k-k-kill me!' why, what's wrong? I asked, greatly startled. With much difficult he managed to tell me that he had gotten the names mixed and had bet on King John instead of Snow King. Snow King was a winner, of course, at 20 to 1, and King John was nowhere. My messenger was so heartbroken over his blunder that I didn't have the heart to reproach him, and when he pulled out \$20, mostly in small silver, and tried to make me take it. I refused. 'No, my boy. I said: 'you can't afford to make that good. It's vexatious, of course, but misstakes will happen, so keep your money and say no more about it.' That made me feel so fine and my man loss, and my friend was almost tearful in his thanks.

"About a month afterward, as near as I remember,

"So that's why I'm sore on tips," added the

His Hand Katen Off by a Bear. From the Minneapolis Times.

CUMBERLAND, Wis. June 2.—A report comes to this city that John Olson, a farmer living nine miles north of here, had a terrible struggle with a large, black bear. The animal caught him by the arm and chewed the member completely off, swallowing the hard. Mr Olson's brother shot the bear and saved his brother life. The injured man is reported in a critical condition.